

CONDUCTED BY JOHN TIMBS, THIRTEEN YEARS EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR," AND "LITERARY WORLD."

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## THE MARRIAGEABLE MAN.

(From Mr. Grant's "Portraits of Popular People.")

THE marriageable man is a person of great importance. Go where he will among the other sex, he is sure of a cordial reception. His company is equally courted by the matron and the maid. The wife lavishes her attentions on him, because she has a daughter with whom she is desirous he should enter into a matrimonial compact. The young girl plays the part of Miss Amiable on her own account. Between the attentions of the two, he surely ought to be a happy man; for every body knows that he who is fortunate enough to occupy a prominent place in the good graces of mother and daughter, is sure, as a matter of course, also to enjoy the friendship of the husband and father, the brothers and sisters. In fact, all are his friends. He is, or ought to be, much more at home in the house of the marriageable girl, than even the master of the establishment himself. The female portion of the family, from mamma downwards, display the very perfection of amiability. Wherever he looks, he encounters beaming eyes and smiling countenances. He lives in a region of smiles. And such smiles! Mother and daughters vie with each other in lavishing their choicest looks upon him. Just see the difference between the smiles with which he is honoured, and those which are bestowed by mamma or the marriageable miss on the married man. Would you have believed there could have been so great a difference in the smiles of the same lady? The marriageable man meets with friendship and favour at every step. Mamma and the young ladies overwhelm him with their attentions. They hang upon his breath; his wishes are anticipated before they are even formed. He is the centre of the family circle. The females, mother and all, are but so many planets moving round him, and deriving all their happiness from him. He reads in their countenances, that they are all dying to make him happy; and in the overwhelming sense he entertains of this, and at the same time charitably forming his opinion of the sex generally, from the charming specimens by whom he is surrounded, he feels a burning indignation rise in his bosom, as he recalls to mind the many harsh things he has heard uttered touching the tempers of women. He inwardly pronounces all such assertions or insinuations downright libels, and is impelled by so strong a sense of gallantry, that he could on the instant find in his heart to call out any and every person that dared to whisper a word to the disadvantage of the sex. Formerly he wondered at the extreme folly of Don Quixote and other knights-errant of old, in doing gratuitous battle for the fair. His wonder has vanished; or rather has given place to supreme surprise, that ever he could have felt such wonder at all. His astonishment now takes a different direction; it runs in an opposite channel. It is all the other way. The only matter of amazement with him is, that any one should quietly sit in his seat, and not appeal to the pistols at once, when a single reflection is hazarded respecting the temper or the virtues of the female sex.

The acting which one sometimes meets with on the stage, when an attempt is made to convey an idea of the cunning of a designing mamma, in her efforts to please a marriageable man, and the arts and efforts of young miss herself to secure his regards, fall infinitely short of the reality of actual life. There are a thousand little things in the conduct of mother and daughter; in their look, smile, words, actions, manner, every thing, which can only be imagined by those who have experienced them, and which even when experienced, can only be successfully exhibited in the drama of real life. It is there,

after all, and there alone, that really good acting is to be met with.

How the scene changes when one of our sex is transformed from the marriageable into the married man! Matrimony is represented as a new world. The representation is just; especially as regards the husband. The drama is then concluded, and the female performers, whether mother or daughter, appear in their true characters. If his wife be good-tempered and virtuous, he will have no reason to regret his speculation; but even in that case he will discover a wonderful change. She will make it a rule to seek to make him happy, both from a sense of duty and of interest; but he will miss the wonted obsequiousness, the display of the excessive solicitude to please, which she made in her maiden condition. She becomes less fastidious in the article of dress; her toilet most probably does not occupy half the time she was accustomed to expend upon it. She would not before have been seen by him in *dishabille* for worlds: now she thinks nothing about it. A consciousness that she is mistress of the house, and on a footing of perfect equality with her lord, breaks in upon her, and this consciousness develops itself, often imperceptibly perhaps to her, though not to him, in a thousand little ways.

But though the married man, even where his wife is amiable and virtuous, will thus find a material difference in the position of matters from what it was when he was in a marriageable capacity, it does not follow that he will now find himself less happy. On the contrary, he will be more so, because every thing is now simple and sincere, instead of the mere politeness and artificialities which characterised the acts of his wife when they were severally in their marriageable condition.

Many are the dangers to which the marriageable man exposes himself in his laudable anxiety to do the amiable towards the sex. There are those odious things called "breaches of promise;" and what is still worse, there are, now-a-days, such latitudinarian readings of the law of the land, as that a man shall be held responsible in a court of justice for his most unmeaning actions. Or, to speak still more plainly, a thoughtless, good-natured young fellow, desirous of pleasing every body, but particularly young ladies, runs a very great risk of getting himself dragged into a court of law, to be there ridiculed, and denounced, and doomed to pay heavy damages, just as if he were the greatest villain that ever trod the earth,—and all on the assumption that he has been guilty of a breach of promise of marriage, though he not only never made any such promise, but had not the remotest intention of doing so. The ungallant judge, applying the odious "constructive" principle sanctioned by our latitudinarian civil jurisprudence to his conduct, soon convinces him, or which is infinitely worse, convinces a jury of his countrymen, that he has been too prodigal of his attentions to the lady plaintiff. He does not quite comprehend this constructive doctrine. He cannot perceive any reason—and certainly there is no poetry—in thus saddling him with heavy damages, because in the plenitude of his good-natured gallantry, he thought proper to be somewhat lavish of his attentions to the fair plaintiff.

*The first Bible Society formed in South America*, held its meetings in the convent of Santo Domingo, where the Inquisition formerly reigned despotic; and the secretary of the society was a friar of this convent.

*An Adventurer*.—An Irishman walking one day through the streets of Caraccas, chanced to see a dollar on the ground; he kicked it on one side with much contempt, exclaiming, "By St. Patrick, I came to the Americas for gold—I'll not tarnish my fingers with silver coin."

## CANADIAN BALSAM.

THE St. Lawrence brigantine was wrecked on the island of Cape Breton. The crew being in the greatest distress, remembered that a Jewish merchant of Quebec had shipped three barrels of apples by her, and they accordingly determined to open them. "On opening the apple casks," says Mr. Prenties, "we found to our great surprise, that their contents were converted into bottles of Canadian balsam, a more valuable commodity to be sure than apples, but what we could have gladly exchanged in our present situation for something more friendly to the stomach than to the constitution. This disappointment extorted a few hearty good wishes towards the Jew; yet we found afterwards some use for this Canadian balsam, though I believe somewhat different from what he intended it should be applied to, namely, that of repairing the boat, which had been beat in such a manner by the sea upon the beach, that every seam was open. We converted the balsam into a succedaneum for pitch. We boiled a quantity of it in an iron kettle, which, frequently taking off the fire, that the stuff might cool, we soon brought it to a proper consistence. Having got ready a sufficient quantity of it, we turned up the boat, and having cleaned her bottom, gave her a coat of the balsam, which effectually stopped up all crevices for the present. We also employed tallow candles in stopping the leaks of our boat, as fast as she sprung one in any particular place."—*Prenties's Narrative of a Shipwreck*, London, 1782. J. H. F.

## BATTLE STORY.

Few men exist whose blood will not heat higher at a well-devised tale of gallant adventure; much more when the fictions, the extravagances, of romance are realised in history. It is fearful, it is magnificent, to see how the arm and heart of one man may triumph over many! But we can seldom enjoy this pleasure unrestrained by some apprehension that we are indulging the imagination at the expense of the judgment. It is only in cases of clear and unjustifiable oppression, where power has been exerted to the utmost to crush right, where men, careless of death in comparison of oppression, weak in numbers, and confident only in the strength of their arms, and the goodness of their cause, have met and overthrown the numerous forces of their enemy, that we can fully sympathise with the victor's triumph.—*Historical Parallels*, vol. i. (1831) p. 272. The author of the *Introduction to the Chronicle of the Cid*, says of the battle of Tours: "What a warfare it was to burn the standing corn, to root up the vine and the olive, to hang the heads of their enemies from the saddle bow, and drive mothers and children before them with the lance; to massacre the men of a town in the fury of assault; to select the chiefs that they might be murdered in cold blood; to reserve the women for violation, and the children for slavery; and this warfare year after year, till they rested from mere exhaustion. The soldiers of Ferran Gonzalez complained that they led a life like devils. 'Our Lord,' said they, 'is like Satan, and we are like his servants, whose whole delight is in separating soul from body.'"

## ANDREW HOFER AND HIS TIME.

BY L. HARPER, LL.D.

(Concluded from page 260.)

WHEN the northern and interior part of Tyrol was delivered, Andrew Hofer went with Harmayr to assist the oppressed southern or Italian Tyrol, and drove out of it the inimical commander, Baraguay D'Hilliers. In the

mean while the French, after the victory at Eckmühl and Ratisbone, advanced against Vienna, and at this very moment the Bavarians broke, also desolating Tyrol. The very day of the surrender of Vienna, (April 13, 1809.) General Chasteller, with his few fatigued and dismembered troops, was defeated at Moergel by the predominance of the enemy. He saved himself upon a high mountain called the Brenner, and fought his way afterwards through the enemy. Upon that mountain was not only the headquarters of the oppressed Austrians, with General Buol and the brave Ertel of Lusignan, but also Hofer with his determined adjutant Eirenstecken. They deliberated what to do. The bold Hofer was for another impetuous attack. He prevailed upon the Austrian commanders to yield to his plan: at the head of their troops they hurried again down upon the enemy, and fought two battles on the 25th and 29th of May. The Tyrolians, headed by Andrew Hofer, who presented himself always where danger was the greatest, performed wonders of valour, and forced the enemy a second time to leave Tyrol. On the 30th May, in the morning, at four o'clock, the Austrian outposts reached Inspruck, and about nine o'clock Hofer, at the head of his brave Passeyers, made his entrance, amid the acclamations of the inhabitants.

Encouraged by the success, the Baron of Harmayr formed at that time a bold and ingenious plan to deliver the whole interior of Austria, by taking away Klagenfurth, the only fortress in possession of the enemy below Rurka. General Buol found this plan as practicable as it was desirable. The co-operation of the enthusiastic Tyrolians could be accounted for; the auxiliary troops they could dispose of amounted to about 500 men. To make the concourse the greater, and the enterprise the more patriotic, Baron Harmayr prevailed upon Andrew Hofer to lead this army, consisting for the most part of exercised men. The commander asked the 9th Austrian corps d'armée for assistance, but obtained none. In this manner the execution of the plan was delayed. Meanwhile the famous battle of Wagram was fought. The armistice of Tuain followed (July 12,) and the plan of Harmayr remained unexecuted, and had no other consequences than the very disadvantageous one, to have united a numerous and very warlike body of people in the only way upon which the departure of the Austrians out of Tyrol could possibly be effected.

The lamentations of the Tyrolians were indeed great, but, lonely and forsaken as they were, they did not despair. After the departure of the Austrian troops, Hofer's liberty and even life were in great danger; he concealed himself in a hut upon the mountains, and all the many orders he issued from thence were subscribed, "Andere Hofer, not knowing where." (Andere Hofer, nicht wissend wo.)

But the French armies approached, and suddenly our hero, thinking only of his dear country, forgot all the dangers, and re-appeared upon the theatre of war. Again he fought bravely with his people; at last a great pitched battle near Inspruck decided the common fate of the Tyrolians.

The first dawning of the 13th August, 1809, found the inimical armies in the plain near Inspruck, opposite each other; 25,000 men on the side of the French, all veteran troops, commanded by skilful officers, exercised in war; and only 18,000 men on the side of the Tyrolians, nothing but mountaineers and countrymen, but inspired by the holy cause of their country and liberty, and by the love for their hereditary prince, their dear Francis. Prayers ascended to heaven on one side, imprecations on the other. Arrogance of happiness will snatch away with violence from fate what it only bestows spontaneously.

The French already derided the humble Tyrolians. It was now six o'clock; the sun had scattered the dew of the morning, and the day was bright enough for the bloody work of war. The guns began to thunder, the muskets and rifles to crack. The surrounding Alps echoed a dreadful noise, pregnant with fate. No Tyrolian ball was sent away in vain—every one found the breast of an enemy. Hofer, with the rifle on his arm, two pistols in his girdle, was every where; he encouraged those who were in danger, consoled the wounded and dying, and, like the god of war, fettered victory on the standards of his fellow-citizens. He—the humble innkeeper and merchant—did what none of the most skilful and experienced generals of that time could do, he defeated those armies accustomed to victory in France, Italy, Egypt, Germany, and the Netherlands, and reminded Napoleon the very first that no earthly happiness is constant. The dark veil of night first separated the combatants, and the defeated French retired with enormous loss and great speed from both banks of the Inn.

Tyrol was now delivered a third time from a far superior enemy, and indeed this time only by the heroism of its inhabitants, and the valour of the innkeeper on the Sandt. Hofer hastened his entrance into Innsbruck, the capital of Tyrol, and was received with a gush of joy and the acclamations of thousands of his grateful countrymen. Wreaths of flowers rained down upon the noble commander and his brave combatants for God, liberty, and country. Andrew Hofer took up his residence, as chief commander of Tyrol, in the imperial castle at Innsbruck; and as the drowning snatches after a straw for his preservation, so the whole of oppressed Germany directed hopeful looks to him. But he did not enjoy long his happiness. A very large French army entered the south of Tyrol from Italy, and bloody scenes would have stained the soil of this small mountainous country, had not the peace of Vienna (Oct. 14, 1809) ended the war. Tyrol was torn in three pieces, which were incorporated into three different kingdoms.

The Emperor Francis exhorted, with an aching heart, the unfortunate Tyrolians to a quiet resignation to their hard fate, and Hofer supported his beloved prince. He dismissed his countrymen with the tears of sorrow and pain. They went home, and they henceforth no more agreed together. Hofer, forced by a part of his friends, (Nov. 15, 1809,) called the inhabitants of Vietschgau and Oberrain again to arms; but the star of his fortune had gone down. The French overflowed the country, and put a large premium upon the head of Andrew Hofer and some of his followers and friends. Hofer was obliged to flee for refuge to a hut high up the Alps, called the Yoke, about ten miles from the Passeyr. He could not be prevailed upon to leave his country for his safety; it was too dear to his heart, and contained all—that the tender husband and father loved upon earth.

There the unhappy man lived, secluded from all the world, in the ice-fields of the inhospitable Alps, until the most ignominious treason delivered him into the hands of his cruel executioners. Some say a certain Wild; others, the priest Donal had whispered to the French general the name of Stoffel, who was till then the faithful messenger of Andrew Hofer. Promises and terrors of the anguish of death moved this unhappy man to lead the French to the residence of Hofer. On the 20th of January, 1810, he was taken prisoner, put in irons, and brought, as it were, in triumph, with his son, only twelve years of age, his wife, and his adjutant, through the towns of Mevan and Botzen. The French shouted with joy—the Tyrolians mourned, having lost their last hope. In Botzen the French left their prisoners several days, to

receive orders and instructions from the head quarters in Milan: the family of Hofer was set at liberty. He saw and embraced his beloved wife and son the last time upon earth; but he did not know, nor anticipate it by a secret feeling. Hofer himself they pretended to convey to Milan; but they led him to the fortress of Mantua, where he was tried by the law of war. Even his *partial* judges could not find him guilty of the crime of high treason, of which he was accused, and the votes were divided, when at once the order went from Milan to shoot him in twenty-four hours.

Hofer, although not at all expecting the sentence of death, thinking that nobody could condemn his sacred feeling for the holy cause of his country, heard it as a man—as a hero—with perfect calmness and resignation; not a sigh, not a glance of his eye, not a lineament of his face, betrayed a single weakness. The 20th of February, 1810, was the day of his execution. Twelve soldiers were commanded to shoot him. There stood the hero, erect in his good cause, and with a free conscience, not ten steps from the muzzles of the death-carrying muskets. He had but one short step to an awful eternity, and he must make it, for there was no grace for him upon earth. One thought more of his dear country, whose high mountains were visible in the back-ground—of his beloved wife and son—and he was ready to take that important step. The fatal moment approached. The soldiers, though they had seen in many battles death in a thousand forms, could not behold his quiet and serene face, the image of internal peace, without the utmost pity;—they trembled—Andrew Hofer trembled not.

The last command was given—the muskets cracked; twelve balls pierced the body of the hero. He sunk without emitting a sound of pain; his blood streamed out of twelve wounds, but he was *not* dead—the trembling soldiers had aimed badly. A compassionate under-officer left, at last, his file, put the muzzle of his musket on Hofer's head, and killed him with a thirteenth ball.

So died one of the noblest men of his time. He was a sacrifice to the delight for murder of *him* who stained the page of his history some years before in the same manner, with the blood of the innocent and unhappy Duke d'Enghien, and who killed in cold blood about 4000 Egyptians taken prisoners in Syria. Nevertheless, the indulgent world calls him "the great," who had *at least* as many crimes as virtues. He was a great general, but was he more than that—a great man?

His memory is too recent—we are not yet free enough from prejudices; posterity must judge of him!

The dead body of Andrew Hofer was buried solemnly, and this was the only satisfaction for his murder, and that of justice. His family was permitted to emigrate to Austria, where the emperor Francis II. had accorded to his wife 2000 florins (about £250,) as an annual revenue, and 50,000 florins as a present to purchase a property. But the widow was as good a patriot as her beloved husband had been. She refused to leave her country, the theatre of the actions of the father of her child, where every corner re-echoed with his glory, and every body esteemed her grief, and where she could yield herself without restraint to the sweet and sacred feeling of deep grief, which is for the true mourning heart the most welcome pleasure.

A monument reminds the traveller in Tyrol of the magnanimous and honest Hofer, and the shame of his murderer; but the best of monuments he erected himself in the hearts of his countrymen, and of every liberal-minded man whose breast glows for God, liberty, and country.



## THE POET'S DREAM.

BY THE HON. D. G. OSBORNE.

THE poet sleeps, and o'er his pillow  
The wand of Fancy flings its spell;  
As heaves the ocean's restless billow,  
His bosom heaves with mighty swell.

For in that dream Fame stands before him,  
And wreaths the laurel for his brow;  
The kneeling sons of earth adore him;  
And like a god he smileth now.

And, sweetest feature of the vision,  
A girl's blue eyes upon him gaze;  
Eyes, in whose store of light Elysian  
Heaven seems to dwell with all its rays.

Blue eyes, whose every glance discloses  
Love, how unutterably strong,  
And blushing lips, that part their roses  
To murmur love, like some sweet song.

'Tis past, her spell wild Fancy breaketh,  
And from Fame's glories downwards hurled,  
The poet with a sigh awaketh  
Unto the cold and careless world.

Yet, sweetest feature of that vision,  
The radiant girl is near him still,  
With eyes of love and light Elysian;  
And lips whose tones of fondness thrill.

Thus, unlike glory soon forsaking,  
Unlike the fleeting smiles of Fame;  
Throughout the dream, and at the waking,  
The love of woman holds the same.

## TURKISH PAGEANTRY.

THE following account of the ancient ceremonies of receiving an ambassador in Constantinople, has few parallels in the records of imperial state; whilst the magnificence of its appointments evince a high state of ingenuity, which, it could be wished, had been lavished upon some worthier occasion than the formal reception of the representative of a sovereign. Happily, Europe is a stranger to such vain-glory in the present day, and the national wealth is diverted into channels more likely to benefit the masses of the people; whilst even the capital wherein this gorgeous scene was enacted, is shorn of its glittering beams, and is fast exchanging its eastern splendour for the more sober and rational ceremonies of European rule. Still, the whole of the following scene is amusing, as a superb folly of past ages, which, in its startling realities, equals many of the creations of eastern romance.

"First, before the palace of the Brazen Gate, at Constantinople, were drawn up in line the seamen and Dalmatian troops holding their standards, with lances fixed, and girded swords; within the brass rails stood other Dalmatians, drawn up with standards, and armed with swords, bows, and quivers full of arrows. Before the tables of the royal guards, stood other sailors bearing swords. Near the tribunal, on each side, were ranged the civil authorities, and the learned bodies, the chiefs wearing long robes of office, the rest being clad in white vestments peculiar to their order. After these, ranged in file before the tables of the assistants to the emperor on great occasions, (a kind of body-guard, at whose table the prince, on certain days, dined with the patriarch, the bishops, and the governors,) stood two bodies of marines armed with swords. Without the Brazen Gate, again, and before the tables of the Candidates, as they were called, being men of immense stature, and who also served as a guard to the emperor, stood a band of sailors, with their grand admiral. On the right and left of the royal portico, were the sons of the nobility, including those who served at table or as pages; some dressed in suits open down the middle, like our pelisses,

and armed with sabres; others in long robes, and short-sleeved vermilion-coloured dresses. Below the steps of the great table, in the Magunara (or divination) palace, were collected bodies of Greek, English, French, Scythian, and indeed all foreign bands, wearing swords, and holding shields; and on the top row of these steps stood singers, chanting hymns in honour of their sovereign. Here too was collected the crew of the royal barge, the splendid model of the vessel in gold being held up to sight by their chiefs. On descending the saloon of the palace, on each side, right and left, stood bands of swordsmen, in greenish-red open dresses, bearing swords and silver-gilt wands; then appeared the Macedonian troops, with swords, and silver sashes spotted with gold; and bearing axes of brass, double-edged, and adorned with gold. After this band of body-guards, within the two passages or screens which divided the hall of the palace from that of the golden throne, or table, called of Solomon, and all the way to the throne, were those who exercised liberal professions in the city or empire; attired elegantly in various-coloured dresses, and bearing wands set round with precious stones.

"This magnificent array extended to the chamber where the royal throne stood; and tapestries of gold and silver cloth were hung all along the walls, golden branches for holding lights suspended from the ceiling, and Persian carpets spread upon the floors: between the pillars where the throne was placed stood a golden organ, and two silver ones, from Venice; where were also drawn up bands of the most famous city militia. On the right and left of the throne, were ranged black eunuchs, bearing the sword, sceptre, crown, and other badges of royalty. When all was ready for the ceremonial, the eunuchs proceeded to the king's private chamber, and announced it. He then, arrayed in his robes, and wearing a crown of laurels, came forth, and seated himself on the throne, amidst the acclamations of the assembly. The ambassador was then sought for by the herald, and, on the word 'seize,' (in Romaine,) being pronounced, the screens were raised between the halls of the golden throne and that of the palace, and the ambassador admitted to the sight of the monarch, to whom he made three inclinations, after tripping his feet twice. The interpreter expounded the mission; the organs, with other music, struck up; whilst golden lions, with singing birds of metal, opened their artificial throats in chorus. During the delivery of the presents sent with the ambassador, silence prevailed; but the merry tune was speedily resumed, and lasted till his departure, which took place after similar obeisances to the first.

"The Turks, many centuries after, used nearly the same ceremonies as the Greek Kings, at the reception of ambassadors: they did not, however, employ artificial singing creatures, but had large sluices and fountains of water discharged, which produced a noise like thunder; besides, their sultan was only seen darkly through a grating, and the envoy, when introduced, was covered from head to foot in a robe of their fashion, in order not to offend the sight of the faithful by a Christian garb. The Persians excelled all, however, in the magnificence displayed at such receptions; for the stranger was received under a golden plane-tree and trellised vines of the same metal; the fruits of which were represented in rubies, pearls, carbuncles, and emeralds; and the emperors of the west, in consequence of frequent combats, victories, and commercial intercourse with this nation, adopted the style of their magnificence."

## DECEIVING CHILDREN.

DR. B. was called to visit a sick boy, twelve years of age. As he entered the house the mother took him aside, and told him she could not get her boy to take any medicine *except she deceived him*.

"Well, then," said Dr. B. "I shall not give him any. He is old enough to be reasoned with."

He went to the boy, and after an examination, said to

\* Abridged from the "Shores of the Mediterranean." By the late Frank Hall Standish, Esq. Vol. ii.

him, "My little man, you are very sick, and must take some medicine. It will taste badly, and make you feel badly for a little while; and then I expect it will make you feel better."

The doctor prepared the medicine, and the boy took it like a man, without any resistance; and he would take from his mother anything that the physician had prescribed; but would take nothing else from her. She had so often deceived him and told him "it was good," when she gave medicines, that he would not trust to any thing she said. But he saw at once that Dr. B. was telling him the truth, and he trusted him. He knew when he took the bitter draught just what to expect.

This simple incident contains instruction of deep and solemn importance, deserving the careful consideration of every parent. "*Honesty*" with children as well as with all others, and in all circumstances, "is the best policy."

### TIME AND CHANGE.

TIME and change are great, only with reference to the faculties of the beings which note them. The insect of an hour, which flutters during its transient existence, in an atmosphere of perfume, would attribute unchanging duration to the beautiful flowers of the cistus, whose petals cover the dewy grass but a few hours after it has received the lifeless body of the gnat. These flowers, could they reflect, might contrast their transitory lives with the prolonged existence of their greener neighbours. The leaves themselves, counting their brief span by the lapse of a few moons, might regard as almost indefinitely extended the duration of the common parent of both leaf and flowers. The lives of individual trees are lost in the continued destruction and renovation which take place in forest masses. Forests themselves, starved by the exhaustion of the soil, or consumed by fire, succeed each other in slow gradation. A forest of oaks waves its luxuriant branches over a spot which has been fertilized by the ashes of a forest of pines. These periods again merge into other and still longer cycles, during which the latest of a thousand forests sinks beneath the waves, from the gradual subsidence of its parent earth; or in which extensive inundations, by accumulating the silt of centuries, gradually convert the living trunks into their stony resemblances. Stratum upon stratum subsides in comminuted particles, and is accumulated in the depths of the ocean, whence they again arise, consolidated by pressure or by fire, to form the continents and mountains of a new creation. Such, in endless succession, is the history of the changes of the globe we dwell upon; and human observation, aided by human reason, has as yet discovered few signs of a beginning—no symptoms of an end. Yet, in that more extended view which recognises our planet as one amongst the attendants of a central luminary; that sun itself, the soul as it were of vegetable and animal existence, but an insignificant individual among its congeners of the milky way; when we remember that the clouds of light, gleaming with its myriad systems, is but an isolated nebula amongst a countless host of rivals, which the starry firmament, surrounding us on all sides, presents to us in every varied form; some as uncondensed masses of attenuated light; some as having, in obedience to attractive forces, assumed a spherical figure; others, as if further advanced in the history of their fate, having a denser central nucleus surrounded by a more diluted light, spreading into such vast spaces, that the whole of our own nebula would be lost in it—others there are, in which the apparently unformed and irregular mass of nebulous light is just curdling, as it were, into separate systems; whilst many present a congeries of distinct points of light, each perhaps the separate luminary of a creation more glorious than our own; when the birth, the progress, and the history of the sidereal systems are considered, we require some other unit of time than even that comprehensive one which astronomers have unfolded to our view. Minute and almost infinitesimal as is the time which comprises the history of our race, compared with that which

records the history of our system, the space even of this latter period forms too limited a standard wherewith to measure the footmarks of eternity.—*Babbage's Ninth Bridgewater Treatise.*

### A TRUTH.

THE work of education begins at an early period, and circumstances seemingly too trivial to notice, may exert a powerful effect in fixing our future destiny for good or evil. There are few persons whose patience has not been more or less tried by spoiled children, and who cannot point out examples where the temper of the mature man has been seriously injured by early injudicious indulgence; and many must know cases in which the paroxysms of a naturally bad temper, exasperated by uncontrolled licence and habitual submission, have amounted almost to occasional insanity. Causes closely analogous to those which render one man the dread of his domestic circle, may render another the terror and scourge of half the earth. The same spirit which vents itself in ill-humour for a broken piece of china, or execrations for an ill-cooked dinner, if fostered by power, might correct breaches of etiquette with the knout, and deal out confiscations and death as unsparingly as oaths.—*Historical Parallels*, vol. i. (1831) p. 121.

### ORIGIN OF JIM CROW.

THE *New Orleans Picayune* states, that a few years ago, Thomas D. Rice, now the famous negro comedian, was an actor in a Western theatre; and though he did some things cleverly, he was particularly remarkable for nothing but being the best dressed man in the company. An original piece was got up, in which Rice was persuaded to do the character of a negro, much against his will. He consented only under the stipulation that he should have permission to introduce a negro song of his own.

Rice was fond of riding, and frequently visited a stable in town, where there was a very droll negro hostler, who used to dance grotesquely, and sing old fragments of a song about one *Jim Crow*. Very little difficulty was found in transforming the hostler into a tutor, and in half an hour Rice was master of the symphony, melody, and all the steps, words, and drollery, of the far-famed and irresistible *Jim Crow*!

The evening for the *début* of the new play came on, and never did Kemble or Talma study more intensely over the effect of costume than did Rice in dressing for his negro part on this occasion. He had easily contrived to throw together a few verses, with witty local allusions, and to heighten the extravagance of the dance to its greatest extent of grotesque absurdity. The play commenced, and Rice went on, dragging heavily and lamely—Rice himself failing to stir up the drowsy audience with his clumsily-written negro part until the third act, where the song came in.

Utter condemnation was lowering ominously over the place, and the actors had already pronounced it a dead failure, when the hitherto silent and gloomy green-room was startled by a tumultuous round of cheers breaking out suddenly in "front."

"What can that be?" said the manager, pricking up his ears.

Another verse of the song was sung, with the extravagant dancing accompaniment, and the house shook with still more violent applause.

"What is that?" said the manager. "Who's on the stage?"

"Rice is singing a negro song," was the reply.

"Oh, that's it, eh!" said the manager, who was a stickler for the "legitimate," and concluded that an audience which could applaud such a thing would be just as likely to hiss it the next moment.

But the new song continued to call down expressions of pleasure that could not by any means be mistaken, and at its conclusion the manager bounced out of the green-room, and

down to "P.S." to listen to the loudest encore he ever heard in his theatre.

The play was announced again, but after two or three repetitions it was discovered that the song was all the audience wanted, and so *Jim Crow* emerged triumphant from the ashes of a damned play, to delight Europe and America with—

"Turn about an' wheel about,  
An' do just so;  
An' eb'ry time I wheel about,  
I jump Jim Crow!  
A-heah-heah-whooh!"

Rice soon found his way to New York, and Hamblin was not long in snapping up the new card, which he made to tell to as handsome a tune as any other that the great caterer ever played upon the Bowery boards.

"Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered;" and when Thomas D. Rice was playing "*William Tell*," in Cherry street, New York, he little dreamed of ever making a fortune by singing *Jim Crow*!

### CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

#### RESISTANCE OF THE AIR.

It has been calculated that a velocity of sixty miles an hour may be obtained upon a railway; but, in practice a result of only forty miles an hour has been effected: this difference in theory and practice having been traced to atmospheric resistance, which thus makes an alteration of twenty miles per hour.

On the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, a hurricane blowing almost parallel with the line, and at about eighty miles an hour, has been found sufficient to carry an engine along without the smallest assistance from steam, with such speed as completely to neutralize the violence of the hurricane, the effect being generally that of a still calm air.

Professor Robinson has stated that the air clings so closely to an astronomical clock pendulum in motion, as to make a difference of ten seconds per day. Mr. Roberts made a common top, which spun forty-two minutes: he then made another top, upon which he put a coat of the finest lacquer, when it would not spin longer than seventeen minutes; he removed the lacquer, and the top then spun thirty-seven minutes: from which Mr. Roberts is of opinion that clock pendulums should not be lacquered.

#### GIGANTIC SPECULUM.

As an important incident in astronomical science, the casting of the gigantic speculum which has been undertaken by Lord Rosse, is well worthy of attention. A letter from Dublin, of April 16, written by a gentleman who was present on the occasion, says: "Nothing could be more successful than Lord Rosse's operation, nor more beautiful than all his arrangements. The casting was made at nine at night of the 12th inst., and by ten we witnessed the building up of the monster speculum, of six feet diameter, and weighing three tons, in a hot oven, built expressly to contain it; and where it will remain for the next two months, which time will be necessary for the gradual cooling process to which it must be subjected. It is a fine thing to see a man of Lord Rosse's station, instead of applying a strong mechanical genius, as is often the case, to nicnackeries, at once attacking the most important and arduous problems, and forwarding the highest branches of science. During the very delicate and difficult experiment, he was perfectly cool and decisive, and amidst various suggestions from the bystanders, quietly followed his own judgment, which was better than any one of them. His present achievement, should it finally prove quite successful, is of the greater value, since the mere expense is quite beyond the reach of an ordinary professional man. This last operation, after having satisfied himself of the manner and practicability of each part of the proceeding, could not have cost him less than £1000. If the final result prove satisfactory, which there seems no reason to doubt, he will have reached, in the opinion of scientific men, the maximum of effect that is attainable; since the eye, as they affirm, could not make use of a larger speculum than about six feet diameter."—*Times*, April 21, 1842.

### PERSIAN SERVANTS.

ALTHOUGH the precedence due to rank and office is scrupulously exacted in Persia, the intercourse between all ranks is familiar and unrestrained; and the wandering Dervish will enter without ceremony the tent or chamber of the Vizier, and freely join in the conversation. The attachment displayed by the retainers of the Persian noblemen towards their lord, and the kindness with which they are treated by him, often remind one of the devotion of the Scottish clansmen towards their chief, and speak highly in favour of both parties. Their treatment of their slaves is another proof of the natural kindness of the Persian disposition. Many of their old servants are regarded quite in the light of friends, and may frequently be seen standing near their lords, with folded arms, listening to all that is said, and often giving their opinion unasked. The following scene occurred at the table of Mr. Ellis, our ambassador in Persia, in 1836. One of the sons of the late Shah was the ambassador's guest, together with several other Persians. During dinner, the Prince handed a goblet of wine to his confidential retainer, who stood behind him; the man refused it, saying, "Who am I, that I should drink in the presence of your highness?" The prince repeating the offer, answered, "You are my friend." The man still demurred; when the Prince exclaimed, "You are my brother." The man then took the cup, and turning away, quaffed off its contents. This anecdote is related in Captain Wilbraham's *Travels*, recently published. It should, however, be added, that the Persian servants receive scarcely any wages, being merely clothed and fed.

### FRAGMENTS OF THE ANTEDILUVIAN DIARY.

#### REFLECTIONS OF METHUSELAH IN HIS YOUTH—IN MIDDLE AGE—AND IN OLD AGE.

TO-DAY I am an hundred years old. How blissful are the feelings of boyhood! My senses are acute as the tree with the shrinking leaf. My blood bounds through my veins as the river pours through the valley, rejoicing in its strength. Life lies before me like another plain of Shinar—vast, unoccupied, inviting—I will fill it with achievements and pleasures! In about sixty years it will be time for me to think of marrying; my kinswoman Zillah will, by that time, have emerged from girlhood; she already gives promise, I hear, of comeliness and discretion. Twenty years hence I will pay a visit to her father, that I may see how she grows; meanwhile I will build a city to receive her when she becomes my wife.

Nearly three centuries have passed since my marriage. Can it be? It seems but yesterday since I sported like a young antelope round my father's tent, or, climbing the dark cedars, nestled like a bird among the thick boughs—and now I am a man in authority, as well as in the prime of life. I lead out my trained servants to the fight, and sit at the head of the council, beneath the very tree where, as an infant, my mother laid me to sleep. Jazel, my youngest born, a lovely babe of thirty summers, is dead; but I have four goodly sons remaining. And my three daughters are fair as their mother when I first met her in the acacia grove, where now stands one of my city watch-towers. They are the pride of the plain, no less for their acquirements than their beauty. No damsel carries the pitcher from the fountain with the grace of Adah, none can dry the summer fruit like Azubah, and none can fashion a robe of skins with the skill of Milah. When their cousin Mahalaleel has seen another half century, he shall take the choice of the three.



My nine hundredth birthday! And now I feel the approach of age and infirmity. My beard has become white as the blossoms of the almond-tree. I am constrained to use a staff when I journey; the stars look less bright than formerly; the flowers smell less odorous; I have laid Zillah in the tomb of the rock; Milcah has gone to the dwelling of Mahalaleel; my sons take my place at the council and in the field; all is changed. The long future is become the short past. The earth is full of violence; the ancient and the honourable are sinking beneath the young and the vicious. The giants stalk through the length and breadth of the land, where once dwelt a quiet people; all is changed. The beasts of the field and monsters of the deep growl and press on us with unwonted fury; traditions, visions, and threatenings are abroad. What fearful doom hangs over this fair world I know not; it is enough that I am leaving it; yet another five or eight score years and the tale will be complete. But have I, in very deed, trod this earth nearly a thousand years? It is false, I am yet a boy. I have had a dream—a long, long busy dream; of buying and selling; marrying and giving in marriage; of building and planting; feasting and warring; sorrowing and rejoicing; loving and hating; but it is false to call it a life. Go to—it has been a vision of the night, and now I am awake, I will forget it. "Lamech, my son, how long is it since we planted the garden of oaks beside the river? Was it not yesterday?" "My father, dost thou sport? Those oaks cast broad shadows when my sister carried me beneath them in her arms, and wove me chaplets of their leaves." "Thou art right, my son; and I am old. Lead me to thy mother's tomb, and there leave me to meditate. What am I the better for my past being? Where will be its records when I am gone? They are yonder—on all sides. Will those massy towers fall? Will those golden plains become desolate? Will the children that call me father forget? The seers that utter dark sayings upon their harps, when they sing of the future, they say our descendants shall be men of dwindling stature; that the years of their lives shall be contracted to the span of our boyhood! But what is that future to me? I have listened to the tales of Paradise, nay, in the blue distance I have seen the dark tops of its cedars. I have heard the solemn melodies of Jubal when he sat on the sea-shore, and the sound of the waves mingled with his harping. I have seen angels the visitants of men—I have seen an end to all perfection—what is the future to me?—*Spirit and Manners of the Age.*

### THE WOODLANDS.

BY A SHERWOOD FOREST YOUTH.\*

COME to the woodlands! Summer hath unfurled  
His broad green banner to the breathing wind.  
Come to the woodlands! leave the ungentle world,  
Where foes are numerous—friends are seldom kind:  
Where care's dim arrows ever round are hurled,  
Till unto death the wounded heart hath pined.  
Come, where wild blossoms slun the sultry heat,  
And twining boughs in graceful arches meet:  
Where twilight streams o'er nature's shady face,  
We'll smile and hearken on through many a sylvan place.  
Pleasant a woodland ramble, through dim alleys  
Winding most strangely to some secret glade,  
Where the clear brook, with murmuring music, sallies  
From shade to sunlight, and again to shade,  
Luring our footsteps to sweet quiet valleys,  
Down slopes of fern, with starry blooms inlaid;

\* From a volume of poems to be published by the author by subscription.

Reaching at times the wood-verge, where the light  
Shows far-receding many a rural height,  
Forest, and wold, and flowery pasture-ground,  
Silver'd with winding streams—with grey hills belted round.

Here the wild honey-suckles climb, and fold  
The gnarled boughs with spires and leafy knots,  
And cluster'd blossoms, striped with red and gold,  
Bowering the sunshine from the loveliest spots—  
Sweet trysting-places for young love—which hold,  
Three seasons through, their rich and dewy plots  
Of wild wood-flowers, wooing the loitering air  
To steal amongst the mossy roots, and bear  
Th' upbreathing incense, as it sails away  
Between the rustling trees to golden-lighted day.

Unwares we come to some delightful nook  
In the close by-paths, where the trees thrust down  
Their knotted roots into the humming brook,  
And with their leafy helms, and branches brown,  
Darken from daylight and night's starry look,  
(Till rugged winds crush Autumn's golden crown.)  
The waters rippling through the swelling weeds,  
Tall-bladed sedge, and clumps of dark-plum'd reeds—  
Swaying the white-bell'd lilies to and fro,  
Like fairy-shallops moor'd from noontide's burning glow.

The sylvan dwellers here lead gentle lives—  
Hark! the merle's voice, in a melodious breeze,  
Blends with the woodspite's clamour, as he rives  
The withering bark; and golden-armoured bees,  
With murmuring trumpets, sail from woody hives  
To the blue arch of heaven through yielding trees;  
The lonely pigeon, cooing from her nest  
On the dark pine, up-bows her trembling breast,  
And broadening throat, emblazed with rich-dyed rings—  
Bending her head the while between her fluttering wings.

The spotted deer, fray'd at approaching sound,  
Ceasing to browse the dewy vert, upturn  
Their antler'd foreheads suddenly around—  
Leap the wild thorns, and 'mongst the towering fern  
Dash from the sight. Along the nut-strewn ground  
Sports the brown squirrel, or you now discern  
The shrill-voiced vagrant leap from bough to bough.  
And in near meadows, hark! the lowing cow,  
The sheep's hoarse bleating, its sharp-jangling bell,  
And children's joyous whoops, ringing o'er hill and dell.

Soon might the woods seem haunted as of old  
With half-veild nymphs and mystic deities—  
Such spots of awful beauty we behold,  
Where light and shadow battle in the trees,  
Whose skyward openings shape noon's streaming gold  
To wondrous semblance (as the eye may please)  
Of wreathed staff, and cup, and broad-mouth'd horn,  
In ancient pageants by wild Sylvens borne,  
When goat-limb'd Pan, and all his lusty band,  
Trampled with horned heels the echoing forest-land.

A sleight of fancy!—in a moment, lo!  
The back-kneed Fauns their 'wilderer dances trace—  
Sound the shrill pipe—the trumpet, loudening, blow,  
Startling the brown deer with a sound of chase.  
Down the dark aisles the noisy revellers go,  
By whispering founts, whence peeps the Naiad's face  
Through the rich silver's fall. Green Dryads shed  
Leaves and bright blooms to crown the wood-god's head,  
And Grecian girls sing blithely—till the eye  
Loses the wild wood-dream—the lessening echoes die.

Or when the shadows deepen with the night,  
And dædal fires on heaven's grey altar blaze;  
When the mild south uplifts the crescent's light,  
May we desecrate the moonlight-waken'd fays  
Trooping from flowery halls—their kirtles bright  
Streaming along a hundred forest-ways;  
And hear their neighing palfreys sharply dash  
The clinking pebbles, and from thickets splash



The steaming dews, when met on mossy lawns,  
Treading the dark-green rings, till rosy daylight dawns.

Beautiful woodland! childhood's sweetest hours,  
Morning, and noon, to evening's starry time,  
Have I beguiled amongst its shadowy bowers,  
Humming my dreamy thoughts in careless rhyme,  
Blithe as a wild bee booming round the flowers.  
Silence and twilight haunting its green clime,  
Shed their soft influence on my boyish heart,  
Till Care grew weary of his blunted dart:  
Hope showed me life—a golden summer's day!  
And Joy sung Time to sleep—then stole his scythe away.

JOHN GIBSON.

### VISIT TO LA TRAPPE.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A FRENCH TOURIST.

Of all the reforms introduced into religious establishments up to the time of the Revolution, the severest, without doubt, was that imposed by the Abbé de Rancé on the order of St. Bernard, in the monastery of La Trappe. The rigid discipline which he established there, dates from a period in which public morals began to relax in their severity, and to grow less rigid; yet, notwithstanding, this institution had, all at once, a wonderful success. The eighteenth century undermined all the opinions and ideas upon which monastic institutions rested, and yet, by an unaccountable inconsistency, the Trappists (the most rigid and the least useful order of all) is the only one which the present age has tolerated! A great interest is attached to all these monasteries, especially in France. The gloomy and terrible reform of the order of La Trappe had its origin in a love affair; this effect, so different from its cause, resulted from the tender passion; and if we retrace the history of this order, which has occasioned the shedding of so many pious tears, we shall discover tears of love at the source.

Everybody knows that in his youth the Abbé de Rancé, (descended from a high family in Brittany, possessing several livings, a man of wit and talent, a poet, and plunged in the vortex of the gay world at the commencement of the reign of Louis XIV.) was any thing but an anchorite. The most celebrated of his gallantries was his *liaison* with Madame de Montbazou. Their mutual passion, too ardent to be concealed, was cherished without scruple, but, at the same time, without notoriety; and the world at length looked upon it with the respect which serious sentiments generally inspire.

One evening, after four days' absence, M. de Rancé rushed with eager joy to the hotel de Montbazou, in order to have a *tête-à-tête* with his mistress; he was surprised, on penetrating through a secret passage which led to her apartment, to find a dead silence pervading the house. He walked on in a state of astonishment, and having hit himself several times against the darkened walls, he at length reached the chamber of the Princess, the sanctuary, as it were, of the temple. The bed was overturned, all the furniture was thrown about in disorder, and a solitary lamp was burning upon an arm-chair, by the light of which De Rancé discerned upon the floor an open coffin, from which a portion of a winding-sheet was seen.

Horrible to relate, the body which this coffin contained was headless; the head had been separated from the trunk, and placed at the feet of the deceased, in order that the corpse might be got into the coffin, which was somewhat too small in its dimensions. Now the head had rolled out of the leaden coffin, and it was only upon kicking against it with his foot that the wretched De Rancé became aware of his mistress's fate. She had died suddenly the evening before. No one knows what afterwards took place in the chamber of the deceased, but M. de Rancé was found lying near the coffin in a state of insensibility; his lips, hands, and bosom were stained with blood, and he still pressed to his breast the lifeless head of his adored mistress.

A short time after this event, the Abbé de Rancé dismissed his servants, sold his property, and resigned all his benefices, except La Trappe, whither he retired in the capacity of a regular monk. In 1063 he assumed, at Notre Dame de

Perseigne, the habit of the order of Cîteaux, and in the same year the monastery of La Trappe was reformed by the labours of this rigid anchorite, who terminated, by a series of works worthy of St. Basil, or of St. John of Alexandria, a literary career which he had commenced by a very excellent translation of Anacreon.

After several hours' walking we came to a bridge of five or six planks, situate in a woody defile, and thrown, in a most picturesque attitude, across a foaming torrent called the Lison. This extremely fantastical structure is adorned in the centre with a heavy cross of nutwood. Its appearance is so wild that it forcibly reminds the spectator of those bridges in the Pyrenees and in Italy, which are drawn by the imagination of poets and painters to serve as the theatre of the adventures of brigands. Above this gorge the road ceases, and the tourist becomes lost amidst a cluster of trees, rocks, and thickets, for the space of a league. The valley here becomes surrounded by very lofty and gray-headed crests, and the traveller is almost at a loss to comprehend how he has managed to penetrate into this solitude, in the midst of which are situate two or three houses of a rustic and at the same time a religious appearance. These are inhabited by the Trappists of Mulans.

On arriving in sight of these houses, an unexpected spectacle burst upon our view. Along a terrace situate on a slight declivity were scattered a number of monks, who, in white robes and with shorn heads, were digging up the ground with pickaxes. Some, in an attitude of meditation, were looking up at the clouds; others were sitting down and reading, whilst a few more sat with their heads resting on their elbows, the former being covered with an ample cowl. They walked about, and passed and repassed, slowly and silently, like so many ghosts, without exchanging a single word. These persons, with their strange costumes, and in the midst of a gloomy country, called to the mind ideas of another state of being.

As we wished to visit the monastery, we accosted a monk dressed in a brown robe, who did not answer a word. We then addressed another, clothed in a white robe, who replied to us in most laconic style, and without looking at us at all. Following the instructions which he gave us, we rang a little bell, rustically suspended between two pieces of wood. Whilst the porter was coming to open the door we had time to examine the structure of the cloister, by the side of which is a mill-wheel, turned by a water-course, and used to grind the corn of the convent. The church is unfinished; in the meadow, which is very irregular, and covered with briars, vegetables, and stones, the monks have built a house of refuge for Christian travellers.

It is the nature of human things to appear only beautiful when looked upon in a certain point of view. We discovered the truth of this axiom on a closer examination of that which when looked at from afar, had inspired us with respect. The friar who opened to us the door of the monastery had the lean and placid countenance of the Chartreux of Lesneux. He was habited in a robe of white wool, in front of which a wide band of black cloth depended from his head downwards. His head was newly shaved, and his neck had deeply stained with dirt the cowl which was thrown back over his shoulders. Moreover, we saw reason to believe that the discipline of the monastery prohibits the monks from ever washing their hands. While the "father-porter" was conversing with us in the yard, surrounded by his lay brothers (individuals dressed in brown, the white robe being only worn by the priests, the deacons, and those who have pronounced indissoluble vows), our guide suddenly ceased to speak, and on turning round to find out the cause of his silence, we saw that he had disappeared. The other monks had also vanished, and we were surprised to find them almost beneath our feet, on their knees, or rather upon their four paws, in the attitude of Nebuchadnezzar after his metamorphose. The tinkling of a little bell, which swung in a belfry in the middle of the roof, had caused them thus to fall prostrate. We remained aghast, not daring to stir for fear of trampling on a monk, and surrounded on all sides by the poor anchorites,

who grunted out their orisons in a most singular manner. The reverse side of the hill was also covered with monks in the same position; they looked like a flock of sheep.

The discipline of the Trappist monks is exceedingly rigorous, although many ridiculous errors have been spread abroad respecting their mode of life, &c. A strict silence is enjoined; the monks never converse with each other, and only speak to strangers out of the house. This makes manifest the absurdity of the formula, "Brother, we must all die!" which the public generally believe is addressed by one monk to another whenever they chance to meet. The porter, Friar Pâcome, replied, on an inquiry about this matter, "It would hardly be worth while to infringe upon our rules for the sake of uttering a sentence which teaches nothing to anybody."

Equally false is the notion that the Trappists dig every day a portion of their grave. Friar Pâcome observed on this head:—

"In a few years' time the grave would become a well. To dig a grave every day is the means of hardening the mind against the thoughts of death, rather than of causing it to reflect seriously upon such things. The custom very often deadens the imagination, and it is not all gravediggers that are saints!"

In the cemetery every hillock is surmounted by a wooden cross and a stone pot containing the holy water. On conducting us towards the house brother Pâcome requested us to keep a profound silence.

When M. de Rancé reformed La Trappe, he prescribed manual labour, and ordered that the monks should exclusively subsist on the produce of their industry. As every day of their life is a *jour maigre*, they do not fatten any flocks or herds. Nothing can be more scanty than their meals. Upon an iron table placed on tressels, with the pulpit of the *lecteur* at the further end, were ranged a number of earthen pots filled with water, with porringers to correspond instead of glasses. Other porringers were placed in front of wooden spoons, and each monk had, besides these articles, a red-coloured plate in which was a bunch of grapes imported from a country where they never ripen, and speckled all over with an unwholesome and greenish blue. The soup exhaled a sour smell of roots; the bread was black, and seasoned only with certain fibrous vegetables, without any sauce whatever.

Upon the white walls were written pious maxims in praise of sobriety and fasting, precepts as meagre as the larder of the monastery is empty. The very stomach heaves at the aspect of so much austerity and suffering.

Occasionally at evening prayers the superior says:—"My brethren, let us pray for the soul of the mother (or the sister) of one amongst us, who is dead." Each monk then takes his part in the mournful ceremony; they pray, they tremble, but he whom death has thus deprived of his relation remains for ever ignorant of his misfortune. What frightful uncertainty! and what horrible nights must the wretched monks pass!

The Trappists have no sort of recreation. M. de Rancé forbade study, as the source of disputes and relaxation, so that these ignorant monks, badly fed and condemned to perpetual sufferings, are as brutalized and as useless to their fellow-creatures as the inmates of a madhouse. Nothing in these gloomy and savage practices, and in this dark and bigoted idolatry, resembles the primitive law of Jesus Christ. Thus to degrade and imprison the creatures of God is not, assuredly, the proper way to glorify the Creator. Moral suicide will never cease to be a suicide. In vain did we seek in the faces of these poor monks for the traces of violent passions or great misfortunes. Their physiognomies were vulgar, hard, stupid, and ignoble; even devotion appears wanting; and their heads have, for the most part, an almost disgusting character.—*Times*.

### SONNETS.

BY GEORGE N. TWINN.

To him, who six drear days hath been confined  
Within the city's pent-up walls and bounds,  
How pleasing is the country! On his mind  
How softly sweet fall the deep charming sounds

Of gurgling brooks that flow so clear along!  
The lisp'ing breeze, that kisses perfumed flowers,  
The lark's loved lay, or speckled thrush's song,  
Charming the cool retreats of woodland bowers;  
To him how many joys the fields display!  
Each spot his eyes can rest on has a charm;  
His heart is light, for sorrow's fled away,  
And sunny smiles his throbbing bosom warm;  
The coldness of his heart does quickly fly,  
For "love divine" in all he can descry.

Give me, oh give me Nature's page alone!  
This can produce me lessons of more worth  
Than any diamond that ever shone  
In the dark caverns of the gloomy earth.  
This can produce me fond moralities,  
By which my life can be amended. Oh!  
What pure and holy sentiments arise  
Within the mind, when we our eyelids throw  
Towards heaven, and contemplate the starry sky;  
Or rapt in wonder, ask whence gained the flowers  
Their soul-enlivening tints and varied hue,  
Rendered more beautiful from falling showers.  
Nature alone shall my instructor be,  
Her lessons make the soul unshackled—free.

This thought oft rises in my mind, that when  
I've passed away and left the busy scenes  
That murmur dearly with noise of men,  
My name will perish like the morning dreams.  
The leaves in spring will deck the trees as erst,  
The brooklet chant its soft autumnal song;  
But my fond memory will not be nursed,  
Oblivion's mists will shroud the heedless throng.  
The cold unfeeling world is a sad spot  
For minds so sweetly sensitive to thrive;  
And when they've left (their worth, their charms forgot)  
In no one heart does recollection live.  
Yes, the cold world will hold its cruel gloom,  
When I am resting in the peaceful tomb.

### QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHING.

Few Errors have become more popular than that of the extreme rarity of the Farthing coinage of Queen Anne. Many a tyro in numismatics, on inspecting the cabinet of a coin collector, has exclaimed: "But you have not a Farthing of Queen Anne? You know there were only three of them struck."\* And so current has been this belief, that, probably, no practical Error has occasioned more mischief and mortification to those who have been misled by it, than that which we are about to elucidate. This task has often been attempted, but has never been so satisfactorily performed as by our friend Mr. William Till, the respectable medallist, in London; who, at our request, in the year 1835, drew up as complete an explanation of the Error as his extensive acquaintance with numismatics, and his long experience in coin-dealing, enabled him to accomplish.

Mr. Till observes: "it will scarcely be believed, that persons from almost all parts of England have travelled to the metropolis, on the *qui vive* to make, as they supposed, their fortunes, with a Farthing, or a presumed Farthing of Anne, in their possession; and which, on being taken to the British Museum, has been found to be almost or entirely worthless.† From York, and even from Ireland, persons have come: a

\* If you answer in the affirmative, he is ready for you, armed at all points, with the old story: "Why, there never were but three; the Museum has two of them, and would give a large sum for the third!"

† In the *Times*, Sept. 26, 1836, a magistrate relates the circumstance of a poor man coming to London from Bedfordshire, with a real but common farthing of Queen Anne, in the hope of making his fortune by it.

poor man from the former, and a man and his wife from the latter, place. Indeed, it is to be regretted, that these are not the only instances known by many. Most of our countrymen labour under the delusion, that Queen Anne struck only three Farthings: *I beg leave most unequivocally, and with deference, to assure them, that Farthings of her were struck to the number of some hundreds.\** To trace, with any degree of certainty, this fable to its original source, would be extremely difficult; but from information obtained from our chief medallist, it appears that some years since, a lady in Yorkshire having, by accident, lost a Farthing of Anne, which, from some circumstance or other, was rendered valuable to her, she offered a reward for the same, thereby stamping a fallacious and ridiculous value on it. Others, on the contrary, believe that only three were struck, and that the die broke on striking the third.†

"In the British Museum," continues Mr. Till, "are six distinct varieties of the Farthings of Queen Anne: indeed, there may be said to be seven; but *one sort alone* really circulated, and this is the variety on which we see the figure of Britannia on the reverse, and below it, in the exergue, the date 1714, (No. 6.) I count in my own cabinet, from fifteen to twenty of them.

"The other six varieties are what are termed pattern pieces, struck for approval, but from which no copies for circulation have been taken. The portraits on the obverses are much the same; the busts ornamented with drapery, and the head adorned with a string of pearls. The reverses, except in one instance, differ from the common Farthing which circulated; and, on the pattern, in which no difference exists, we find, instead of 'Anna Dei Gratia,' the legend 'Anna Regina,' surrounding the queen's bust. This pattern is rare."

The value of these Farthings varies from £1. to £3.; but the scarcest has brought upwards of £5. at a public auction.

It is, however, only important here to specify the value of the common and real Farthing of Anne, which was current generally, and which is stated by Mr. Till to bring from 7s. to 12s., "and if extremely fine in preservation, may be worth a guinea. Some are found with a broad rim, and are considered more scarce than the others. I speak of these coins as being in copper." Dr. Dibdin states the value of this Farthing to be under 6s. Mr. J. Y. Akerman, a numismatist, recognises "the common current Farthing of Anne" as scarce, but scarcer with the broad rim.‡

\* Mr. Till states, that there must have been from 300 to 500 of the farthings issued, as they are, by no means, rare; and he has seen no less than 38 of them at one time.

In the *Observer* newspaper, date 1837, it is stated: "we have heard from good authority, that the keepers of the British Museum are continually pestered with letters and applications upon this subject; and it is not very long since a noble Earl addressed a letter to the trustees, or some of the officers, for information, in consequence of one of his lordship's tenants having discovered what he thought was "a Queen Anne's Farthing." "It may be in the recollection of some of our readers, that the famous Mr. Christie, the auctioneer, sold one of these spurious coins for several hundred pounds." The Rev. Dr. Dibdin (in his *Northern Tour*, p. 733) relates: "One of them, of 1713, was shown to me by a father, who said he should leave it to his son, as a £500. legacy."

† The *British Press* newspaper of the 14th of February, 1814, and the *Numismatic Journal*, April 1837, contain the report of a very curious trial which took place at Dublin, relating to one of these pieces. In the *Observer*, just quoted, the writer, in an attempted explanation of the Error, states: "What will the reader think when he is informed that *there is not, nor ever was, a single Queen Anne's Farthing in existence*: yet such is the truth. The following particulars are derived from a source on which the most confident reliance may be placed, and they will abundantly clear up the whole mystery. Some time before the death of Queen Anne, it was her intention to issue a coinage of Farthings, and she gave directions to that effect. Those directions more particularly were, that three dies of different patterns should be sunk, and a specimen of each struck off for the Queen's

"Having described the real and pattern Farthings of Queen Anne, (adds Mr. Till,) it may be desirable to mention a lot of trumpery tokens of *brass*, which have caused much trouble to the possessors, as well as annoyance to others, particularly to the officers attached to the medal-rooms of the British Museum.

"These tokens of *brass* are thinner than the real copper Farthings of Anne. On the head side, they present you with an execrable bust of the queen, with a long, scraggy neck, unlike that of this sovereign, with the legend 'Anna Dei Gratia.' On the reverse, the royal arms in the shape of a cross, (roses are sometimes seen between the quarterings;) indeed, very similar to the shilling of Anne before the Union: their date, generally, 1711. These worthless counters have caused an immense deal of trouble: the lower classes becoming possessed of them, and starting off (as before stated) for London, to make their fortunes. They would not be worth noticing here, were it not to publish them as pieces of no value whatever."§—*Popular Errors, Part III.*

### LIVING IN ANCIENT TIMES.

WE have reached, in this age, so high a pitch of luxury, that we can hardly believe, or comprehend, the frugality of Ancient Times; and have, in general, formed mistaken notions as to the habits of expenditure which then prevailed. Accustomed to judge of feudal and chivalrous ages by works of fiction, or by historians who embellished their writings with accounts of occasional festivals and tournaments, and were sometimes inattentive enough to transfer the manners of the seventeenth to the fourteenth century, we are not at all aware of the usual simplicity with which the gentry lived under Edward I., or even Henry VI. They drank little wine, they had no foreign luxuries; they rarely or never kept male servants, except for husbandry; their horses, as we may guess by the price, were indifferent; they seldom travelled beyond their county. And even then hospitality must have been greatly limited, if the value of manors were really no greater than we find it in many surveys. Twenty-four seems a sufficient multiple when we would raise a sum mentioned by a writer under Edward I. to the same real value expressed in our present money; but an income of £10 or £20 was

inspection, and she was to select one out of the three. This was accordingly done; but before the queen had signified her approbation of either, she expired; and, of course, there was no issue of a further coinage in her reign. The dies became useless; but it is probable that before they were destroyed, many other impressions were taken from them, and given away as curiosities. Hence it is easy to account for the number of Queen Anne's Farthings which have, from time to time, been brought to light; but it is obviously a mistake so to call them, because they never could become the coin of the realm without the sovereign's sanction; and no such proclamation is on record." Unfortunately for this explanation, the specimen with the date 1714, the year of Anne's death, is by no means rare. Dr. Dibdin states, that "Anne was always averse to a copper coinage, though much wanted. Croker exerted his abilities in engraving the dies, hoping their elegance and beauty would merit her attention; but it was to no purpose; the queen could not be brought to hear of a copper coinage; and the nominal Queen Anne's Farthings are these trial pieces."—*Northern Tour*, page 733.

‡ For further details, see the *Mirror*, No. 723. Mr. Till has reprinted his communication, with additions and corrections, in his ingenious little *Essay on the Roman Denarius and English Silver Penny*, 1837.

§ A publican once procured one of these counters, which he placed in his window, as the real Farthing of Queen Anne. Credulous persons came far and near to view this "great curiosity," and the landlord turned his deception to good account; for deception it was, as one of the first medallists of the age appointed a meeting with this man, and exhibiting a real, but common Farthing of Anne, attempted to convince him of his Error, but the hoax was too profitable to be relinquished.



reckoned a competent estate for a gentleman; at least, the lord of a single manor would seldom have enjoyed more. A knight who possessed £150 per annum, passed for extremely rich.\* Yet this was not equal in command over commodities to £4000 at present. But this income was comparatively free from taxation, and its expenditure lightened by the services of his vassals. Such a person, however, must have been among the most opulent of the country gentlemen. Sir John Fortescue speaks of five pounds a-year as "a fair living for a yeoman."† So when Sir William Drury, one of the richest men in Suffolk, bequeathed, in 1493, fifty marks to each of his daughters, we must not imagine that this was of greater value than four or five hundred pounds of this day; but remark the family pride, and want of ready money, which induced country gentlemen to leave their younger children in poverty.‡ Or, if we read that the expense of a scholar at the university, in 1514, was but five pounds annually, we should err in supposing that he had the liberal accommodation which the present age deems indispensable; but consider how much could be afforded for about sixty pounds, which would be not far from the proportion. And what would a modern lawyer say to the following entry in the churchwardens' accounts of St. Margaret, Westminster, for 1476: "Also paid to Roger Tylpott, learned in the law, for his counsel-giving, 3s. 8d. with fourpence for his dinner."§ Though fifteen times the fee might not seem altogether inadequate at present, five shillings would hardly furnish the table of a barrister, even if the fastidiousness of our manners would admit of his accepting such a dole.||

It is the vulgar idea that Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour breakfasted on beef-steaks and ale, and that wine was such a rarity as to be sold only by apothecaries as a cordial. The science of good living was as well understood in those days as it is now, though the fashion might be somewhat different: the nobility had French cooks; and among the dishes enumerated, we find "not only beef, mutton, veal, lamb, kid, pork, rabbit, capon, pig;" but also red, or fallow deer, and a great variety of fish and wild fowl, with pastry and creams, Italian confections, and preserved fruits, and sweetmeats from Portugal; nay, we are even told of cherries served up at twenty shillings a pound. The variety of wines can hardly be exceeded at present: for a writer of Elizabeth's time mentions fifty-six different kinds of French wine, and thirty-six Spanish and Italian wine, imported into England.

#### "THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND."

In the Notes to Hume's *History of England*, vol. i., SS, are some extracts from the *Household Book* of the establishment of the fifth earl of Northumberland, begun in 1512; and no baron's family lived on a more splendid scale. Yet they lived mostly upon salted meat. Thus: "Six hundred and forty-seven sheep are allowed, at twenty-pence apiece; and these seem to be all eat salted, except between Lammas and Michaelmas, p. 5. Only twenty-five hogs are allowed, at two shillings apiece; twenty-eight veals at twenty-pence; forty lambs at tenpence or a shilling, p. 7. These seem to be reserved for my lord's table, or that of the upper servants, called the knights' table. The other servants, as they ate salted meat almost throughout the whole year, and with few or no vegetables, had a very bad and unhealthy diet: so that

\* Macpherson, *Annals*, p. 424. from Matt. Paris.

† Difference of Limited and Absolute Monarchy, p. 133.

‡ Hist. of Hawsted, p. 141.

§ Nichols's *Illustrations*, p. 2. One fact of this class did, I own, stagger me. The great Earl of Warwick writes to a private gentleman, Sir Thomas Tuddenham, begging the loan of twenty pounds, to make up a sum he had to pay. Paston Letters, vol. i. p. 84. What way shall we make this commensurate to the present value of money? But an ingenious friend suggested, what I do not question is the case, that this was one of many letters addressed to the adherents of Warwick, in order to raise, by their contributions, a considerable sum. It is curious, in this light, as an illustration of manners.

|| Hallam, *Hist. Mid. Ages*, vol. liii. pp. 451-453.

there cannot be anything more erroneous than the magnificent ideas formed of the *Roast Beef of Old England*.<sup>\*</sup> Probably, this national dish is not older than the time of Charles II., when a roast chine of beef was a favourite supper viand; although this inference is from better authority than the anecdote of Charles knighting a loin of beef (*Sir-loin*), upon an oak table lately shown at Friday Hill House, Chingford, Essex.—*Popular Errors, Part III.*

## Varieties.

*The Ladies of Bogata* wear neither shoes nor stockings; their feet are quite bare, and particularly well washed and clean. They are said to dislike shoeing, as much as a horse which has run wild till he is five or six years old.

*Emeralds.*—The curé of Moufra, where the finest emeralds in the world are found, has a waistcoat with small emerald buttons, the greater part of which have been found in the crops of fowls and turkeys, picked up by them in their rambles, to digest their food. Among the crown jewels of Spain, is an emerald so large as to be used for a paper-weight.

*The Author of Waverley.*—Mrs. Murray Keith, a venerable Scotch lady, from whom Sir Walter Scott derived many of the traditional stories and anecdotes wrought up in his admirable fictions, taxed him one day with the authorship, which he, as usual, stoutly denied. "What!" exclaimed the old lady, "d'ye think I dinna ken my ain groats among other folk's kail?"

*Union of Literary Compositions.*—At a large literary party in Edinburgh, a short time ago, in the course of conversation it was mentioned that a certain well-known literary character had written two poems, one called "The Pebble," the other "The Ocean;" that he was offering them to the booksellers, who, however, would not accede to his terms of publication, and that the worthy author was therefore puzzled not a little as to what he should do with his productions. "Why," remarked a sarcastic gentleman who was present, "I think the doctor could not do better than throw the one into the other."

*How to mount a Horse.*—In Peru, a knot is tied in the horse's tail, into which the lady introduces her foot, as into a stirrup.

*Do you smoke, sir?*—"Do you smoke, sir?" said a London sharper to a country gentleman, whom he met with in a coffee-house, and with whom he wished to scrape an acquaintance. "Yes," said the other, with a cool, steady eye, "any one who has a design upon me."

*Double Letters.*—A pretty little maid of Erin presented herself at the post office the other day, and handing in a letter, modestly asked how much was to pay, as she said the letter was to her mother, and she wished to pay in advance. The clerk, on receiving it asked the usual question, "single or double?" When she replied with the most bewitching naïveté, at the same time blushing up to the eyes, "Double, sir! I was married last week."

*Hang Together.*—Richard Penn, one of the proprietors, and of all the governors of Pennsylvania, probably the most deservedly popular, in the commencement of the revolution, (his brother John being at that time governor,) was on the most familiar and intimate terms with a number of the most decided and influential Whigs: and, on a certain occasion, being in company with several of them, a member of Congress observed that such was the crisis, "they must all hang together." "If you do not, gentlemen," said Mr. Penn, "I can tell you that you will be very apt to hang separately."

*Receipt for the Ladies.*—Cream may be frozen by simply putting it into a glass vessel, and then placing the whole in an old bachelor's bosom.

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